

*Eng. Poetry vol 21.*



LETTERS  
AND  
POEMS  
ON  
*Political Subjects.*





5<sup>d</sup> L E T T E R S  
A N D  
P O E M S  
O N  
*Political Subjects.*

Witten by a hearty *WHIG*, and  
Dedicated to the *Earl of Oxford.*

————— *Perque Casus*  
*Volvitur varios semper Nobis,*  
*Metuenda Dies.*



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LETTER

AND

POSTAGE







TO THE  
Right HONOURABLE  
**ROBERT,**  
*Earl of Oxford and Mortimer.*

*My LORD,*



IS with inexpressible Pleasure  
I congratulate  
your LORDSHIP  
on the prudent Care the GOVERNMENT has been pleas'd  
B to

### *Dedication.*

to take of your Person ; to which indeed the whole World must allow, no One could plead a greater Merit; and it affords me equal Delight to observe, that not a Mortal so much as grumbles at your Condition : Nor is it, Heavens be prais'd ! in the Power of the Enemies of your Country to take you from that *Ancient Seat* you so well become ; but there you are fure to continue enjoying the greatest Retirement, without the least fear of Molestation, till the same wise Hand that put you in Possession of it, shall likewise think fit, contrary to  
your

## *Dedication.*

your own modest Inclinations, to give the *finishing Stroke*, and remove you yet *higher*, which we have now good Reason to hope will be very speedily. In the mean while, I wish your Lordship the most perfect Health imaginable, to the End, that Nothing may hinder your *soaring* Mind from meditating on former Actions, together with what will be the certain and eternal Consequences of 'em; and if the *Present* I now make you, tend in any Measure to assist you in this Respect, as 'twill afford me a most sensible Satisfaction, so it will directly



*Dedication.*

quadrate with the Design I  
had in view.

*My Lord,*

I HERE present you with  
no more than what you have  
an indisputable Title to ;  
and I will do myself the ju-  
stice to tell you, That I no  
sooner determin'd to publish  
the following *Collection*, than  
I resolv'd to dedicate it to  
Him, whose Conduct, when  
in the highest Station, was  
the sole Cause of my turning  
my Thoughts to such Sort  
of Compositions.

YOUR Lordship's Fame  
having rung throughout all  
*Europe,*



### *Dedication.*

*Europe*, it will not be tho't incredible, if I say, I never set my Foot within a *Coffee-House* for several Years successively, but I heard *That* of you which gave sufficient Occasion to a Lover of LIBERTY to produce something of this Kind ; nor will I deny, that the best Part of the following *Pieces*, had their Birth in those Places.

I NEED not tell your Lordship, That they were most of them printed at different Times, in the Weekly Papers (whose Fate it generally is to live but one Day) or that there were several others

## *Dedication.*

others not here inserted ; I shall only inform you, That instead of heaping up all those minute Performances together, some of which being already otherwise disposed of, I have chosen rather to trouble your Lordship with a few select Ones, compos'd both in the last and the present Reign, by which you may be able to compare Things together ; and also to perceive that the *Author* no more fear'd Greatness in the worst of Times, than he *courts* it now in the best. And I confess, had one's Soul been tainted with this last Principle, I mean,

### *Dedication.*

I mean, that of inordinately seeking after more than the Necessaries of Life, a Man could never wish for a better Prospect of succeeding, than when he had an Opportunity of making his Application to the *Earl of Oxford*, who was always known to be no less willing than able to encourage the meanest Instrument that gave undoubted Evidence of his Readiness to engage in the same *Cause*, which he himself so strenuously espous'd, and so ingeniously carry'd on.

I AM now to beg your  
Lordship's Pardon for my  
Pre-



*Dedication.*

Presumption in offering  
these Trifles to your perusal,  
and to assure you, that if  
That be granted me, as no  
Man breathing has more  
Reason to be uneasy at any  
Thing therein than yourself,  
so I shall not be anxious a-  
bout it if any One should,  
being entirely,

My LORD,

*Your Lordship's, &c.*

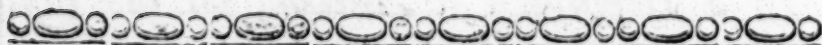


LETTERS





L E T T E R S  
A N D  
P O E M S  
O N  
Political Subjects.



S I R,

Octob. 20. 1712.



F ever *Abel* or the *Examiner* shall take an Occasion to detract from the Character of *the great General*; as heretofore they have had the Impudence to do; please to stop their ungrateful Mouths with the following Lines, which are an Imitation of *Madam des Houlliere's* Madrigal on the *French King*. You may in any Case (if you think fit) give them a Place in your Paper, in order to furnish

B

nish your Readers with the same Expedient  
upon the like Provocation ; by which you will  
at the same time oblige,

*Your Humble Servant.*

**T**HE Hero's of Antiquity  
Could not with modern Hero's vie ;  
They, like the Swallows, did pursue  
The chearful Spring's refreshing Dew ;  
Nor could they conquering Battles trace  
Whilst *Hyems* shew'd his hideous Face.  
But we can of a Hero boast,  
Who, maugre Snow, and spite of Frost,  
Can at all Times and Seasons be  
A Conqueror, Great *MARLBROW*'s He.



*To a celebrated \* Author, on his lash-  
ing the Examiner.*

**W**HEN one base Wretch, to gain the vile  
Applause  
Of more base Patrons, banters Virtue's Cause ;  
Pleads hard for Slavery, against Freedom writes,  
Explodes our Civil and Religious Rights ;  
And strives in gaining of a little Pelf,  
To ruin others, whilst he *damns* himself ;

---

\* *Sir Richard Steele.*

How could a Pen like thine less Courage show,  
 Than to stand up against this common Foe?  
 With Joy we read thee, and with Pleasure must;  
 Friend to the Fair, the Brave, the Learn'd, the  
 Just:

Go on, to let thy injur'd Country see  
 They've yet *one* Champion left for *Liberty*;  
 And as thy Soul abhors to flatter Vice,  
 Or buy Court Favours at so dear a Price,  
 Fear not to act the honest *English* Part,  
 Speak out and make the hired Scribbler smart:  
 Thy Cause is good, thy Genius matchless too,  
 And *that* deserves what *this* alone can do.



S I R,

Decemb. 5. 1713.

HAVING lately sent you a few Lines on the  
*best* of Authors, I've now likewise tried my  
 Talent on the *worst*, which if you approve, you  
 may do as by the former; if not, I don't  
 doubt but you will attribute their Dulness to  
 my Muse's good Nature (as delighting more  
 in Panegyrick than Satyr) and conceal them  
 out of Respect to,

Your Humble Servant.



## On the Examiner.

**T**HOU great *Original* in Sin, give o'er,  
 And on thy Readers thus impose no more;  
 Think it enough, in This we all agree,  
 Tho' bad thy *Cause*, thou well deserv'st thy Fee:  
 Once an *abandon'd Wretch* dar'd to betray  
 His Lord and Master, and 'twas too for Pay;  
 But he, struck with Remorse, his Guilt cou'd  
     own,  
 And for the Fact that he might then atone,  
 Excus'd *Jack Ketch*, and hang'd himself *alone*.  
 What heretofore he could *directly* do,  
*Obliquely* now, and with more Malice too,  
 Dost thou perform; nor is our Wonder great,  
 Since as thy *Sin*, so thy *Reward's* compleat.  
 But when, with Shame oppress'd, thou dost as he,  
 Thy Crime is worse, then more ingenuous be;  
 Let us but know, and we will gladly see.



S I R,

Feb. 18. 1713.

**H**Appening lately to meet with an *Epigram*,  
 written in *French*, and finding it to affect  
 every honest Man in *Great-Britain*, I could not  
 forbear giving it a Translation; which when I  
 had done, I could no more help thinking my  
     self



self obliged to get it publish'd. As the two Persons first hinted at, appear plainly enough to be the Cardinals *Richlieu* and *Mazarine*, so I believe a Reader of no great Penetration will be able to guess at the other. And tho' I am willing to hope our Condition is not quite so bad as 'tis there represented, yet since it lets us know what Assurance the Enemies to our Queen and Country seem to have of gaining their Ends, I am certain you won't do amiss, if you allow it a Place in your Paper, in order to awaken your poor Countrymen out of that Lethargy which has for a long time possess'd them; and by pointing out the Danger that so apparently hangs over their Heads, inspire 'em with Thoughts of preserving their Liberty and Religion.

### *The* EPIGRAM.

THREE famous Statesmen serv'd the Crown  
of *France*,

All sought *one End* --- their Fortunes to advance;  
Great *Pillars* of our *Holy Church* were two,  
And for its Int'rest stands the *third* as true:  
Those, forc'd by Fate, long since their Breath  
resign'd,

But *this* remains for greater Things design'd.

*Lewis* may boast of all, but still must say,

The *last* has most promoted *Gallick* Sway;

Who at a Neighbouring Court's a Favourite  
grown,

Yet *saves* this State, whilst he *betrays* his own.

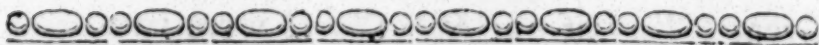
In

In desperate Revenge we make no doubt  
 He'll give the *Northern Heresy* a Rout ;  
 And as 'twas hurry'd in, he'll hurry't out.



*Written Extempore under one of the  
 Examiners, which was by way of  
 Answer to the Discourse of Free-  
 Thinking.*

SINCE now Dr. S-----t  
 Has thus made a shift,  
 To give the *Free-Thinker* a Rub ;  
 Let him write a Sheet more,  
 Or if he pleases a Score,  
 And answer the *Tale of a Tub*.



S I R,

IT having been the Business, for a considerable Time last past, of *Abel, O---th* and Dean S-----t to calumniate one of the greatest Genius's as well as honest Men this Age has afforded, I shall think you will not fairly clear yourself from being of the same villanous Faction, unless you do, in your next Paper, acquaint all Gentlemen, Ladies and others of  
*Taste,*

*Taste*, that there is lately sprung up out of the Earth the finest *Polianto* in the World, to which I myself, with a great deal of Ceremony, have given the Name of *the Captain Steele*; and is to be seen at Mrs. *Eager's* an eminent Florist at the *Star and Garter* in *Greenwich*; it is adorn'd with the most beautiful Colours that ever Eyes beheld. The Gardens will begin to be open on *Thursday* next, where may be admitted Persons of all Ranks, Qualities and Conditions, such only excepted as lately made up the Number two Hundred, and — who are strictly forbidden Entrance, lest they whom the Laws of the Land have restrain'd from hurting the *Person* of that Great Man abovementioned, should be tempted to revenge themselves even on a *Flower* that bears his Name. Mrs. *Eager* assures me, that though she is pretty ancient, she has very good Skill in *Physiognomy*, and doesn't doubt but there will appear something so remarkable in the Faces of those who are Enemies to their Country, that by the help of her Spectacles she shall be easily able to distinguish them; and therefore I would advise such as think to come *incog.* to take care they be not sent back with a Flea in their Ear, or rather a Broom in their A—. I question not I shall be,

Your most Obliged

Humble Servant.



S I R,



S I R,

June 5. 1714.

**I**F there be *two Men* in this Nation who are known Enemies to it, I see no Reason why such as are the Reverse of that Character, should be afraid of pointing them out, be they in never so high Stations, even in the same manner as they would, were so many wild Beasts to appear in our Streets: Wherefore I have sent you the following Epigram, persuading myself that this Consideration will have Force enough with you to publish it, especially when I add, that the Thought on which it is founded may afford Matter of Consolation to *many an honest Man*, as it has already to

*Your Humble Servant;*

HENRY HOPEWELL.

On O-----d and B-----ke.

EPIGRAM.

**N**OW *Britain* trembles at her coming Fate,  
And *Satan's* Reign with *theirs* will bear  
its Date :

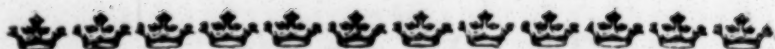
Yet let not *Virtue's* Friends at this repine;  
Just Heaven can *at once* too cut their Line :  
They may remember Man had ne'er been sav'd,  
Had not a \* *Pilate* and a *Judas* rav'd.

---

\* *Falling into Despair, he slew himself with his own Hands, Eutrop. lib. 3. and Euseb. lib. 2. cap. 7.*

S I R,





S I R,

April 27. 1714.

**I**T being well known that there are a considerable Number of Malecontents in this Nation, who go under the Denomination of *Whigs*, and are now become famous for their Fears and Jealousies ; I thought fit to use my Endeavour in convincing them they are all groundless, and without the least Reason ; which I have chosen to do in the ludicrous way of Ballad. If you agree with me in this, I would desire you to assure them moreover, that they have been as much mistaken in many other Things ; and that, contrary to the Notion generally received amongst 'em, the *Crow* is *white*, the Clergy are *all* honest, the Sun does not shine at Noon-day, Mr. *Steele* is not able to write two Lines of Sense, *Paul's Church* is made of *Pancakes*, the *Q---n* can have *no ill Advisers* about her, &c. However, I would advise you to bring as strong Arguments as possible of these *plain Truths*, because the *Whigs* are naturally, you know, a stubborn sort of People, and not so ready to believe what a Man says, as I hope you will when I tell you that I am,

Your hearty Well-wisher,

and Humble Servant,

S A M. S L Y.

C

The

*The BALLAD.*

I.

**Y**E clamorous Whigs, what makes you uneasy

Whilst our gracious Queen ANNE's on the Throne,

Who has told you so often (one would think that should please ye)

*The Good of her People's her own.*

II.

What need you to fear, since she (Heav'n's love her)

What's next to her Heart has assur'd ye,

*Is the Protestant Succession in the House of HANOVER,*

How can you have better Secur'ty ?

III.

Her Ministry are for our Good too most zealous,

And in serving their Country take Pleasure :

Nay, who of its Safety can ever be jealous

Whilst Sir Anthony handles its Treasure ?

IV.

'Twas happy for us our Q---n saw it fitting

The old Lovers of War to displace, Sir ;

And, dissolving the Senate that then was a sitting,

Call one who for Peace made more haste, Sir.

## V.

Bad was our Condition before, 'tis most plain,  
 When the Marshals of *France* were so hardy,  
 As to beat our poor G—l in ev'ry Campaign,  
 Who so oft of Misconduct was tardy:

## VI.

Yet a Peace now we've got, not only to please *Us*,  
 But eke our trusty Allies, Sir,  
 Which of a Land War most expensive will ease us,  
 And many great Burthens besides, Sir.

## VII.

Now Trading will flourish and Tradesmen grow  
 rich,  
 For the *South-Sea* will do it depend on't;  
 Or else *Arthur M-----* is a Son of a B-----,  
 Who makes us believe *there's no End on't*.

## VIII.

As for Commerce with *France*, tho' some offer  
 to shew  
 It was ne'er advantagious before;  
 Yet \* *Daniel* will tell you *now* it needs must  
 be so,  
 For the Reasons that he has in store.

---

\* De Foe, the suppos'd Author of the *Mercator*.



IX.

What a pother you make about *Dunkirk* in  
vain,

When to destroy it *Sieur Tugghe* says is Pity:  
Yet because it was promis'd, you must needs  
be in Pain

Till 'tis done ; is not this very pretty ?

X.

And who'll say there's danger of a Popish Suc-  
cessor,

Or that *J-----s* will e'er sit on the Throne,  
When *Abel* and *O-----th* do weekly profess, Sir,  
(By their Master's Direction) there's none.

XI.

For tho' our *Friend Lewis* shou'd take an Occa-  
sion

To back him with Thousands of Men ;  
Our Fleet being ready, we'd stop the Invasion,  
And soon send him homewards agen.

XII.

That the Church is now prosperous, you can-  
not but see,

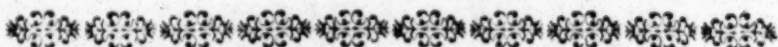
Since none are thought worthy of *Gifts*, Sir,  
But such solid Divines as all will agree,  
Are the pious *S-----l* and *S-----t*, Sir.

XIII.

XIII.

For shame then leave grumbling, and learn,  
tho' be late

This Truth, and believe it from me,  
*What tends to the Good both of Church and of  
State,*  
*Our Rulers know better than we.*



A S O N G.

WHEN 'twas whisper'd about  
By *Squire and Lout*,  
That *the Queen* was now dead for a certain ;  
Each black Man of G---  
With a Shrug and a Nod  
Cry'd, *I wish then there may be no Perkin.*  
Then in Drovers we did meet  
Them in every Street,  
As to traiterous C----d's they hasten'd ;  
Where an Hour they spent,  
Then gave their Consent,  
That on *Jemmy* the Crown should be fasten'd.  
But when they had heard,  
And it plainly appear'd,  
That King G E O R G E was proclaim'd by Con-  
sent, Sir, They

They turn'd up their Eyes  
 In a deadly Surprise !  
 And I thought some their Gowns would have  
 rent, Sir.

Now thinking it fitting  
 To have t'other Meeting,  
 They came to the Place as aforesaid ;  
 Where their Minds they did utter  
 As plain's they could stutter ;  
 Then thus they conclude, and no more said.

“ Since Fate will so have it  
 “ And we can't outbrave it,  
 “ Let's be sure to throw off Dejection ;  
 “ For else the *Phanaticks*,  
 “ Like the rest of their sad Tricks,  
 “ Will certainly cast a Reflection.







S I R,

Octob. 30. 1714.

**T**IS Matter of Wonder to me, that after Men have had Time to think, and their Passions room to cool, there should still be any so incorrigible as to meet about in Clubs, drinking a Health to that despicable Tool *Sacheverel*; but that there are such as do it, even till they are unable to go from the Place, I have lately been made to know by an ocular Demonstration: And what rais'd my Spleen the more, was to hear the same Wretches so impudent as to insinuate vile Reflections against a King, who has already given these Nations a more glorious Prospect than ever they have had since the *Reformation*. What seems as yet to give these Villains the greatest Uneasiness is, the hasty Change of the Ministry; when 'tis certain that none but a mere Fool, or one as drunk as *themselves*, would think it any more possible to drive a parcel of Thieves out of his House *too fast*, than it was for me to leave such bad Company *too soon*: I no sooner did leave 'em, but wrote the following *Epigram*; and because I had not then an Opportunity to paste it up in their drunken Club Room, I now desire you to place it in your sober Paper, which will equally answer the End of

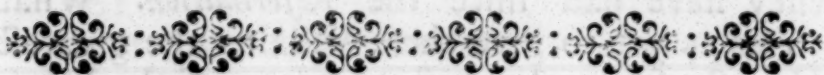
Your most Humble Servant,

MISOMETHES.

EPI

## EPIGRAM.

**B**Ehold the Bigots, in blind Zeal alone,  
 Drink the Priest's Health, till they impair  
 their own ;  
 And whilst they would themselves true Church-  
 men shew,  
 They lose their Reason and Religion too :  
 Thus will their *Guide* (to great Ambition  
 prone)  
 Allow no Party *Christians* but his own ;  
 When want of Charity declares him *none*.



S I R,

Nov. 13. 1714.

**T**IS not, I must confess, without some se-  
 cret Pleasure that I behold the late *Ma-*  
*nagers* so unluckily fall out amongst themselves,  
 and endeavour alternatively to lay the Cause of  
 the Male Administration on each other ; since  
 by it they all acknowledge there were unjusti-  
 fiable Things transacted during the four last  
 Years Reign. This the honest Part of the Na-  
 tion had been very sensible of a long time since,  
 for which, and their endeavouring to make o-  
 thers so too, they were stigmatized by the Fa-  
 ction, as the worst of Villains. The Author  
 of the *History of the White Staff*, which is sup-  
 posed to be written by the *Staff's* own Dire-  
 ction,

tion, tells the World, *That there were black and horrid Designs form'd against the Protestant Succession*; but throws them all upon the *Mitre*, the *Purse*, &c. making his Patron to have all the while, the Innocence of the Dove, as well as the Wisdom of the Serpent: I could cite Passages to this Purpose, out of that Piece, but shall omit to do it, because, if I mistake not, you have taken Notice of the most material Ones already. But now out comes the *History of the Mitre and the Purse*, publish'd, to be sure, not without the Consent of the B—p of R—r, and the late Lord C—r; and this pretends to explode the Sophistry and Villanies contained in the former History, and returns all the Dirt thrown at the *Lawyer* and the *Divine*, upon the Back of the poor harmless *Staff*. In Page 62, this Author says, “Hence it was  
 “that the Lord *John Bull*, and the *Purse*, who  
 “had some time before begun to stagger in  
 “their Opinion of the *Staff*, abated in their  
 “Familiarity, and acted with something of a  
 “Reserve towards that great Affair: For notwithstanding they had in a great Measure  
 “concurr'd with his Endeavours to bring about a *Peace*, they were for maintaining it a  
 “more noble Way, than by setting the Honour and Interest of their Country to Publick Sale, as was clearly seen to be done in  
 “this Conjunction. For the *Staff* had by his  
 “Agent *Atty Brogue*, who had cross'd the Water several Times before the Articles were agreed on that were to be Preliminary to  
 “the *Peace*, so given up the Trade of his  
 “Country to *France*, that the Terms upon  
 D “ which



“ which the future good Understanding be-  
 “ tween the two Nations were founded,  
 “ seem’d rather to be given to us by our Ene-  
 “ mies, as if they had conquer’d us, and not  
 “ we them.” And, in Page 63, “ Yet notwith-  
 “ standing these manifest Acts of Treachery  
 “ which the *Staff* had been clandestinely guilty  
 “ of, they chose rather, in Consideration of  
 “ their past Intimacy, to expostulate with him,  
 “ and draw him off from the Precipice he was  
 “ leading the Nation to, than to break with  
 “ him, in hopes to recover him from the dan-  
 “ gerous Steps he had taken, and to make  
 “ him go over his Ground again with more  
 “ Honesty and Caution.” I profess when I  
 had read these Lines, I could not forbear smil-  
 ing, and presently call’d to Mind the follow-  
 ing Incident of my own Life. A pretty many  
 Years since, whilst I was a School-Boy, I hap-  
 pened, with several others, to be guilty of  
 some Misdemeanour, which our Master at  
 length came, I know not how, to be inform’d  
 of; and upon Examination we begun (as ’tis  
 natural, I find, for Accomplices in Mischief to  
 do) to lay the Blame one upon the other; but  
 he finding us thus beginning to prevaricate, and  
 perceiving by that that we were all guilty, en-  
 quired no farther into the Matter, but imme-  
 diately caused each to hold up the other, till  
 we had equally undergone the Discipline of the  
 Rod, according to the Demerits of our Crime.  
 I have oftentimes since intirely approv’d of my  
 Master’s Conduct in this Affair; but lest a pri-  
 vate Instance may not be sufficient to make the  
*Criminals* I was speaking of, think they have

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not Justice done 'em if they meet with the like Treatment, I will put them in mind of a more publick one of this Nature, which happen'd in the Reign of *Richard II.* This weak Prince, as he was prevail'd upon by his *fawning Favourites*, to do many Things destructive to the Liberties of his Subjects, and contrary to his Coronation Oath, so amongst the rest, he drew up several Articles or Queries, by which (as my Author says) the Parliament were made Traytors, and the Statute Law the Treason, and got the Judges to subscribe to them all as Legal; which when they had done, they hop'd to excuse themselves hereafter of, as being driven to it by the Importunities of prime Ministers. But sometime afterwards the King began to come to himself a little, and call'd a Parliament, which proved a very good one, and therefore consequently enquired into the former Miscarriage, caus'd the Judges to be sent to the *Tower*, and summon'd the *Earl of Oxford*, and the rest of the Villains; but they not appearing, Articles were exhibited against them, and they were condemn'd to perpetual Imprisonment, and all their Effects confiscated to the Government. Soon after, all that did not fly into other Countries for Refuge, were executed *without Exception.* This Parliament was called the *Wonder-working* Parliament. And now methinks I know not how to conclude my Letter, without begging all my honest Countrymen to use their utmost Diligence in order to chuse a House of Commons to which we may justly give the same Appellation; and then I

make no question but we shall be much more happy than they were at that Time, because we have now a King upon the Throne, who has all the good Qualifications which that most unfortunate One wanted. I am,

S I R,

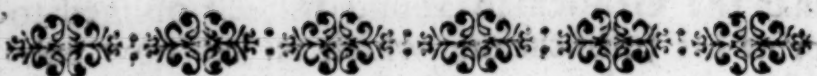
*Your most humble Servant,*



S I R,

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Grays-Inn, Feb. 10. 1714-15.

S I R,

SINCE you have, upon several Occasions, deservedly exposed the *Scaramouches* about Town, I shall acquaint you with a Case relating to a very celebrated one in the Country, viz. old *Hirarcha*. This wise Man, who indeed lives reverse to the *East*, having been so long and indefatigably employ'd in the Interest of the Quacks in opposition to the Regulars, that his Feet seem to be now well nigh sliding into the Grave, does not yet think fit to leave off, but on all Opportunities will be still stirring his Stumps, and gogling his Eyes in that Service, tho' the latter seem to be almost dropping out of their Places with having been so often strain'd into the angry Stare. He was one Sunday holding-forth to a poor ignorant Congregation, in his usual Manner, cursing his Fellow-Creatures to the Pit of Hell, when happen'd to be there (it being in the last long Vacation) a young Gentleman that lives in Town, and belongs to the Law, who not ing used to such sort of Preaching, took an occasion to write him a modest Letter, which he thought deserv'd an Answer; but instead thereof, the old Quack abused the Writer, and endeavoured to set the whole Country against him, by insinuating that he had wrote nothing but a parcel of impudent Nonsense.

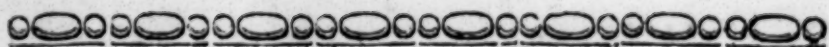
sense. This had its design'd Effect so far, that the Gentleman found himself obliged to print his Justification, which is just now published in a *Letter to the Reverend Mr. Bridges, Rector of Crosscombe, in Somersetshire, occasioned by a Sermon preach'd at that Place by Mr. H---, Archdeacon of W---s, &c.* I have read the Letter, and think he has so well manag'd this High-Church Parson, that I could no more forbear recommending the same to you, than I can help desiring you to do so to others; being very much of the Opinion, that if all the *Scaramouches* were served the same Sauce, there would not be so many of them as there are, or at least, they would not be capable of doing so much Mischief. I am,

S I R,

Your humble Servant,



On



*On seeing the Rebel-Prisoners make  
their Publick Entry, Decemb. 10.  
1715.*

**W**HEN wish'd-for G E O R G E appear'd  
in *Albion's Isle*,  
Her blest Inhabitants began to smile ;  
Forgot their former Wrongs, and hop'd to see  
Their Foes in *Fetters*, and themselves made  
free :  
The Sight was sweet. Behold a better here!  
*That* gave but Hope, *This* quite destroys our  
Fear.



F I N I S.





[1712]

On the 1st of April 1712

At the Court of the Admiralty in London

1712

W<sup>h</sup>ereupon the Court of Admiralty

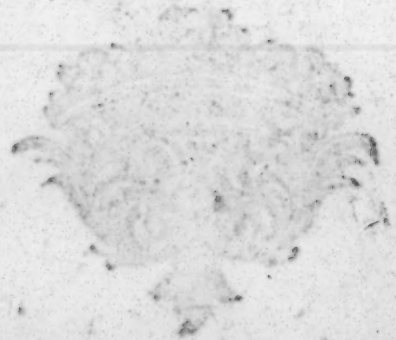
in the said Court of Admiralty

for the better regulation of the said Court

has thought fit to order that the said Court

shall sit on the 1st of May next

1712



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